OUR OWN RED, WHITE & BLUE

Patriotic March Song

WORDS BY
Eleanor Allen Schroll

MUSIC BY
Henry Fillmore

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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Our Own Red White and Blue

PATRIOTIC MARCH SONG

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL

HENRY FILLMORE

INTRO.
March Time
ff
%
Na-tive land, I sing of thee, Hap-py
Built on light and lib - er - ty, Hap-py
TILL READY
mf
mf
home of the brave and the free. Home of no - ble deeds well done Home of he-roes and
home of the brave and the free. Land where oth-ers sore op - press'd, Find a shel-ter and
vic - tor-ies won. Since the ear-ly Pil-grims trod, True to self, true to man, true to
hav-en of rest. Friends and brothers in the cause May they help in pro-tect-ing thy

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God Land of broth-er - hood a friend Loy-al sons will thy cause de - fend.
laws 'Neath the star - ry flag we stand Mill-ions strong to de-fend our land.
CHORUS
At our coun - try's call We'll go one and all. And we promise the doubt-ing foe In our
mf f
blood is still, the spir-it and will Of our fa-thers of long a - go. While we
pray that peace, will ev-er in-crease, Still we're loy-al and firm and true To Col-um - bia's
1 2 Last
sto-ry and dear "Old Glo-ry" God bless our own Red, White and Blue. As our Blue.

Twilight Song

WORDS BY
Eleanor Allen Schroll
MUSIC BY
Henrietta Moore

A Warmth of Understanding

When I sit all alone in the twilight,
When the day's many trials are o'er
There's a faint soothing strain of a distant refrain
I can hear thro' the half open door.
Then I linger in glad meditation,
When the lights in the steeple are dim,
Then the cares of the day seem to vanish,
As I list to the sweet ev'ning hymn.

There are visions for me in the gloaming,
I can see 'mid the shadows, it seems,
Only fleet shining thro' from a heart that is true,
To the highest and best of my dreams.
Ev'ry tear is a bright, shining jewel,
And my cup fills with joy to the brim,
When the notes sweet and clear seem to bring heaven near,
As I list to the sweet ev'ning hymn.

When the sun decks the great western altar
With its cinders of crimson gold,
Then I watch till it fades into deep purple shades,
And the strains of the music unfold.
Tho' my voice seems to tremble and falter,
I will sing when the shadows are dim,
And by words half expressed feel that God knows the rest,
As I join in the sweet ev'ning hymn.

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Cincinnati, Ohio

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A gentle, soothing hand for the tender spot in our memory is the triumphant effect of this new heart-gripping song.

A glowing ray of sunshine that stimulates our appreciation of all that is kind and good

A guiding, sympathetic hand that takes us to a land that holds many cherished memories

The words pierce deep into the ever-filled cup of comfort.

The music is the true accompaniment to a golden poem of unbounded endearment.

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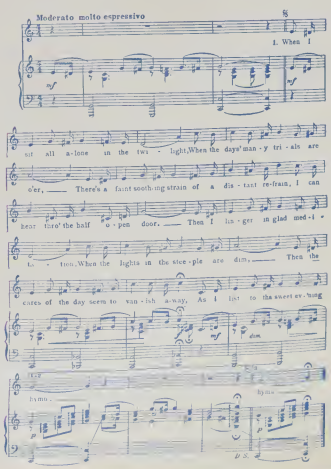
Twilight Song

ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL — HENRIETTA MOORE


Moderato molto espressivo
1. When I
sit all a-lone in the twi - light, When the days' man - y tri - als are
o'er, There's a faint sooth-ing strain of a dis - tant re-frain, I can
hear thro' the half o - pen door. Then I lin - ger in glad med - i -
ta - tion, When the lights in the ste - ple are dim, Then the
cares of the day seem to van - ish a-way, As I list to the sweet ev - 'ning
hymn.
hymn.
D. S.